

est few weeks are going to strate one or two problems of

first will be whether or not this tretch, many of them theatricals high priced grade. Commencing play night with the Boston Lyric be open for something like fifty | Following is the cast of "Lord Chumra company the Salt Lake theater

test to the fullest the ability of the three singers,

So far as the comic operas are concerned, both productions are well known in Salt Lake, "The Idol's Eye" having been one of Frank Daniels' greatest successes, while De Wolf Hopper has made "Wang" too well known for any description to be necessary. A complete metropolitan production of both operas is promised, with special seconds, elegant costumes and brilliant

COLLAMARINI, AS CARMEN.

ons is due to an unusual rush westward of traveling companies, and to he fact that Mr. Pyper took a number f Mr. Mulvey's bookings off his hands, Ir. Pyper thinks he is in for a prosous season; that while some of the ghter attractions may suffer, the big es-and there are a number of them will more than make up for the de-

Problem number two is, can the rand stand up under such a flood of cunter attractions? Hitherto, much the success of the popular priced use has been due to the fact that ere were occasional long stretches hen the theater remained closed, and ose were the sunshiny occasions on hich Mr. Mulvey made hay. Now presence of the Cummings Stock pany, of course, sends the Grand's line of attractions, or the best of em, to the theater, and, added to that ter regular bookings, largely deues the number of its closed nights, largely augments the opposition h which the Cummings company have to contend. It will be a fight, without doubt, and the reis full of uncertainty. The presweek has shown indications that own was undertaking a rather bigamusement diet than it was able nasticate. Both places have been every night, and for Wednesday Saturday matinees. While "The tian" was drawing heavily at the er, empty benches were the rule Grand; at the "Jed Prouty" peraces at the theater the attendfell off heavily, and it picked up that at the other house, but it na below the point where there

is any profit. morned and the public, which am both houses for its winter enant will watch developments curiosity and concern.

Maday evening the people of largeric have an opportunity to be fer themselves of the artistic of the much heraided contraito, amany also with Husso, the tenor, Alexandroni, the baritone, comes the their as the principal artist beirg as the principal artist Banda Lyric Opera Co., for an bent of one week; four nights toted to grand opera with the alian singers in the principal den the remaining three, inmatinee, comic opera will

nestion.

Tuezday, Thursday and neshs have been selected for mances of grand opera, and "Il Trovatore" and "Mig-lib the operas which will furspertunity for Collamarini to a berself as a Sal Lake favor. speciality for Collamarini to besself as a Salt Lake favor-ys provided she fulfills the made for her by her mancan at least be said, that in a sake has been well received the same area far more praise than as for her two principal supartists, Russo is sufficiently an put a tenor to warrant the too that he will do all that he that he will do all that is him, and do it well. It is not well known in the et also comes with a management shows ce by beginning the engageat with "Carmen," an opera that will

So far as the comic operas are conscenery, elegant costumes and brilliant electrical effects.

performances without a break, in fact, up till the April conference, there is scarcely a night when the house will be closed. This congestion of attractions are companied by the closed. The congestion of attractions are companied by the companied by the congestion of attractions are companied by the companied b Lieut. Gerald Hugh Butterworth of the 91st, his son. Willard Blackmore Gasper LeSage, a gentleman with

Meg, the angel of the attleRuth Holt Blanche Douglas

The many admirers of Sousa and his great band will be glad to welcome the "March King" and testify to their pleasure in his well-won foreign laurels when he comes to this city for two con-certs at the Tabernacle. The soloists will be Blanche Duffield, soprano, and Boarthe Research Bertha Bucklin, violiniste. A particular feature of the concert will be Sousa's latest march, "Hail to the Spirit of lberty," which he wrote for the dediition of the Lafayette Monument in Paris on the last Fourth of July. This is the monument that has been built by the school children of the United States and Sousa gladly embraced the opportunity of contributing to the glory of the occasion. The march was played before the President of France and many other French notables and won immediate popularity.

THEATER GOSSIP

"Way Down East" has been drawing immense crowds in San Francisco. It will soon be due in this city.

Mrs. Fiske had a rare reception in San Francisco where she played "Becky Sharp" last Monday night.

Eben Plympton, the first actor who played Lord Travers in "Hazel Kirke" in this city, and who left so deep an impression, is now playing leads with la Allen in "In the Palace of the

Modjeska's production of "King John," in Louisville last week, caused a big amount of newspaper comment.

Mrs. Brune in "Theodora," has abandoned her western tour and "The Prisoner of Zenda" will fill her Salt Lake dates, beginning February 4.

On the appearance here of Mrs. Les-lie Carter in "Zaza" the Salt Lake theater program wil be issued as an "edi-tion de luxe." in honor of the event.

"Old Jed Prouty" went before another light house last evening. Mr. Prouty was called before the curtain at the end of the third act and made a very humorous little speech. The engagement closes tonight.

"Peaceful Valley" will be seen for the last time at the Grand this evening. The play has steadily increased in pub-lic favor and the business, which felt the opposition of "The Christian" quite severely, has steadily improved as the week wore on.

MUSIC NOTES.

H. S. Goddard, aided by Miss Har-rington, of Ogden, gives his song recital and lecture in Preston tonight.

Mr. Pyper, who has charge of the business end of the testimonial to Mr. Ridges, the builder of the Tabernacle organ, reports that orders for tickets The concert will probably occur on much as tenor quality. Very few surviving tenors will even try to sing such

The new Pocatello opera house was opened by the Boston Lyric Opera com-pany last night. The house is a very handsome and complete one and the performance, judging from the reports, was a great success both financially and artistically. The "Idol's Eye" was

Sembrich and her opera company are raising an extraordinary furore in New England. The full organization strikes for the west next month and reaches Salt Lake in March. The Tabernacle choir, 400 strong, is holding several rehearsals a week on the chorus work in "Faust," which it will render in conjunction with the Sembrich company

M. Paderewski, the king of pianists, "The night before I play I turn my hands over to m" valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle," declares M. Paderewski, "Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. This makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last, he rubs the palm of each hand very hard, as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go to the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot? I should say so! Just about as hot as it is possible for a man to stand it.'

The retirement of Mr. Lloyd, says the London Truth, promises to have one remarkable effect upon the course of music in this country. Composers and the public hardly at present realize the fact that we have no tenor to take his Most of the oratorios and cantatas, which, during the past twenty years, have been produced at our musical festivals and elsewhere, have as to the tenor music been written especially in view of Mr. Lloyd's phenomenally high voice, which is of alto quite as ton Post.

This of itself would seem to justify a lowering of the pitch, a movement which, during the past year or so, has been checked, but will probably now go forward more merrily than ever, As to the festival composers in the fu-ture, it will not be surprising if they shirk chief tenor parts. We have so-pranos and contraitos and baritones, pranos and contrattos and barriones, but with due respect to Ben Davies, who, now that Mr. Lloyd has departed is beyond question our best British tenor, to William Green and other young singers, the place of the great tenor remains unfilled. A special tenor part in a new oratorio or cantata, happily, is not essential. But this is really the first time since music took its rightful place in popular life in this country that we have been so badly off for the rarest and most beautiful

Incledon was the great English tenor in the early part of the present cen-tury. We still, of course, have many tury. We still, of course, have ma great voices seems temporarily to be

THE BLOSSOMING OF ITALY'S NEW QUEEN.

Italy's new queen is showing herself bright, graceful, witty and perfectly self-possessed. The reserve which she displayed as princess of Naples was probably the effect of a desire not to assume a position of undue prominence nor to appear anything more than the devoted daughter-in-law of the brilliant Queen Margherita. Now that fate has made it a duty for the young Mon-tenegrin princess to display to the full her queenly qualities, all occasion for reserve has disappeared and the foreign diplomatic corps in particular is en-thusiastic over the disappearance of all her former shyness and reserve, which many mistook for hauteur,-Washing-



LAURA NELSON HALL, In Her Role of "Wee Sing."

an rows and a rows a rows and a rows a rows and a rows a row LAURA NELSON HALL'S BUSY LIFE

morrow was a series of the ser Hall made a peculiar little sound. "Would Miss Hall see a representa-

tive of the 'News?' " was the inquiry written upon a card and sent behind the scenes to the leading lady of the Grand, one night during the run of "Peaceful Valley."

A gracious assent being returned, the 'News' writer picked his way through the narrow passage that leads to the stage door and pushing it open, found himself in that fairy realm known as "behind the scenes." On that part of the stage which the

public never sees, order and disorder blend harmoniously. Men are at work everywhere. Carpenter's tools litter the floor, boys pass with buckets of paint on their way to the bridge where the scene painters are at work; there are bunch lights and stage braces and calciums everywhere; long lines of wires run in every direction; properties are lying in seemingly hopcless disorder (a piece of pie and a carpet bag consorting most happily together); stage hands are everywhere; players stand awalting their cues; boys are putting down linen cloths to protect the women's dresses from the dust of the stage; at each entrance a boy stands ready to hand a chair to any lady leav. ing the stage, an absolute rule of Mr. Cummings', who insists that everything possible be done for the comfort of the ladies of his company. One wonders vaguely why there is such quiet.

On the stage Virgie Rand is heard laughing. She makes her speech, then her exit and Miss Laura Nelson Hall takes her place. As she leaves the view of the audience the light, almost dippant manner of the part she is playing drops from her like a garment, and she comes forward with a gentle dignity, thoroughly charming. Miss Hall's most characteristic attributes are gralousness and dignity. Her manners are simple and gentle. She speaks slowly with a light lingering intonation on the vowel gounds. She is animated without being vociferous. She makes few ges-

A smiling greeting, a cordial handshake, an invitation to a seat in the wings so that she may keep an eye and an ear on the stage, while she talks. and Miss Hall is ready for the interviewing process,
"I have come to interview you," an-

nounces the writer with some trepida-

"Oh do you remember Mark Twain's interview?" asks Miss Hall with a laugh: "whenever I talk to newspaper laugh; "whenever I talk to newspaper men, that ridiculous thing keeps ringing in my ears. Don't let's interview." she adds pleadingly, "let's just talk."

"I want to tell you first how much I like Salt Lake. I know that is the proper thing to say, but I really mean it. I am going to be very happy here. The climate agrees with me wonderfully. I was never so well in my life."

"What do you do to amuse yourself?"

From the laugh which followed this Ridges, the builder of the Tabernacle organ, reports that orders for tickets continue to roll in at a gratifying rate.

Hall amusement at that moment. Miss of minor importance, I went to the

would be impolite to call it a sniff. That, however, is what it was. "My life is as rigorous as that of an athlete in training," she said finally "I get up at eight o'clock every morning go out for a brisk canter for an hour, Then back to the hotel for a light breakfast. If there is a morning rebreakfast. If there is a morning re-hearsal, I am at the theater at ten o'clock. If not, I am either shopping dressmakers. Nearly or at the dressmakers. Nearly all my spare time is spent with dressmakers. At one I have luncheon. I am rehearsing all afternoon until it is nearly time for dinner. At halfpast seven I am at the theater again setting ready for the very large time ready for the very large. getting ready for the evening performance. It is usually midnight before I get to my hotel again."

"When do you find time to study?"
"I have to make time. I usually study until about three o'clock in the morning. There," added Miss Hall triumphantly, "you have my life of ele-

'And you like it?" "Very much." Most women would have said, 'I love it.' That dif-ference in phraseology epitom-izes one of Miss Hall's charms She does noe exaggerate. difficult to express in words. She is not like any other woman. Without losing the charm of femininity she is as direcin her maner as a man. She uses her

"Don't you find a new part each week "I have three parts always on hand.
The part I am playing, the part I am rehearsing and the part I am to rehearse next. It is a little confusing at

"What is your favorite role?" "What is your favorite role?"
"Wee Sing, a one act Chinese play called "Little Shun Loy." The part is very attractive and very trying. I spent four weeks on it before I dared make my apearance. I let my finger nails grow all that time so that they would be long enough, and they were colored livel as Chinese maidens colored. colored Just as Chinese maidens color theirs. My costume was one that was made for the daughter of the mayor of the Chinese colony in New York. I should like very much to play it here should the opportunity offer itself."

Miss Hall is what is called a quick study. She did not mention the fact, perhaps it slipped her mind, that she played the part of Julie de Varion in "An Enemy to the King," in New York at an hour's notice and without a reearsal, and received no end of praise for her work.

'Have you been long on the stage?" "A little over three years. I made my first appearance at the Girard Avenue theater in Philadelphia."As leading woman?"

"Yes, as leading woman--of a crowd

of supernumeraries. I was paid the enormous salary of \$6 a week. It was then that I was working for my art. I played there all that season. After six weeks I was given all the ingenue parts. Then I appeared as Mabel in the original production of 'The Moth and the Flame.' Then I went to Mr. Daly's. I remained with him until his

leading woman, and—well here I am."
"It does not take long to tell, does it?
I think I will say nothing of the disappointment and the worries that have come in those years, or the hard work. I am going to forget all that and enjoy the little success that has come to me. I am working very hard and studying very hard and one of these days I hope to make a name for my Just then Miss Hall was called to the

stage. With rushed away. With a hurried good-bye she

Miss Hall neglected to mention the fact that she is a writer of considerable note. She has had short stories and verses in nearly all of the eastern mag azines. She is a swimmer and plays golf and tennis. She speaks French, German and Italian and what is more wonderful still, English in all itspurity. A clever sample of her verses follows

I still have a tedious hour, before at

my cfub I am due.

And if you don't mind—for a change dear—I'll spend it in talking to you. Come over in this cool, dark corner, where no gleam of light finds its way, And we'll sit very close, here together, and "pretend" as the children say.

Let's pretend that we go back together to ten years ago; please don't frown! When we dreamed of the days that were coming, of the days that would

When we'd have a dear little cottage with just seven rooms-Oh no more. And you would stand waiting each eve ning, and watching for me at the

While all day long, down in the city, the smile on your loving young face Would come between me and my work IV.

Lets pretend that once more we go roaming, as we did in our honeymoon hours,

who gather the earth's fairest flowers. Lets pretend that we still are together,

Lets pretend that our hearts still beat

Criterion Stock company in Buffalo as

PRETENDING.

11.

Lets pretend-are you sure you're quite cozy?. There, now I'll not rumple your gown!

hold you and me.
When the whole outside world we would banish, and from its hard fetters be free,

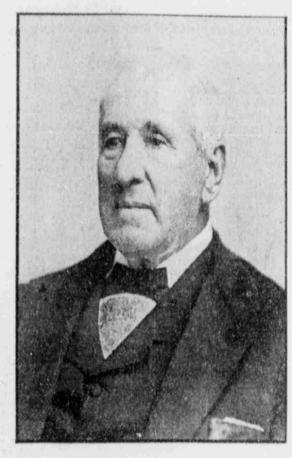
dear, and do much to hasten my pace,

Hand in hand like two happy children,

forgetting the world and forgot, That the place where we two were alone dear, was always the earth's fairest

quicker, at the meeting and touch of | >>>>>>>>>>>

OLD SALT LAKERS.



JACOB WEILER.

Everyone well remembers the venerable Pioneer and Patriarch, Jacob Weller, who, for nearly forty years, presided over the Third ward of this city. He was called to the office of Bishop in 1856, and during all the years in which he officiated, he was looked up to and loved by the people over whom he presided, as a veritable father. He was one of the original band of Pioneers, having entered the Great Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847, and having been a member of the fourth ten of the Pioneer band. His life was absolutely given up to the Church, whose doctrines he embraced, and among its defenders, no one was more stalwart and vigorous than he. Bishop Weiler was bern in Philadelphia, Pa., in March, 1808, and died in this city on March 24, 1896; he was consequently 88 years of age at the time of his death,

Expensesses as a session of the sess



LAURA NELSON HALL, From a Recent Photograph.

-LAURA NELSON HALL,

MEN OF MARS LOOKED ON.

"What's the matetr with the earth

now?" exclaimed in amazement the

chief astronomer in the Martian ob-

servatory last night, as he heard a wild

commotion of the electric buzzer con-nected with the observatory's tierra-

This tierragraph, by the way, is a

simple machine that automatically keeps track of the earth and gives

warning of any extraordinary disturb-

ances—geological, social, political or pugilistic. As all our own astronomers have guessed, the people of Mars pos-

sess intelligence far beyond our own.

They have things to tell us in the natural sciences, and as an alphabetical beginning of communication with us they long ago dug some vast canals

which nobody but Flammarion has yet been able to understand.

"Tierra del Fuego!" shouted the sec-ond astronomer, that being one of the

popular hits of profanity on Mars "Must be another election!"

restrial political phenomena, "they have no elections at this time of their

year."
"A riot or a prize fight probably,"

suggested somebody else, while a small telescope was being turned his way.

"Or perhaps San Francisco has car-ried out that project of licensing-" "New York's a-fire!" bawled out the

"They're signaling us!" declared the def astronomer. "It's in answer to

our canal signals."

"Now the blaze has leaped to Fris-

co!" sang out one of the gazing astron-omers—for telescopes on Mars are built

o accommodate the whole observatory

naked eye of an earth-man, gazing from that point, would have glowed like

Vensu. Long, long he looked.
"I have the meaning!" he finally said,
excitedly. "I have it! I have it!"
But still he watched.

'What is the message?" asked the

what is the message; asked the second astronomer. And there was a general clamor for the interpretation.

"The words of fire," said the aged Martian, calmly, as he turned from the telescope and took off one pair of his spectacles. "The words of fire are: 'A Herrey New Contrary to You!"

spectacles. "The words of fire are: 'A Happy New Century to You!' Get out our earth code and fill the canal letters so as to read: 'The same to You, and Many of 'Em.'"—San Francisco

"And Cleveland!"
"Yes, and Chicago!"
"Just one great streak of fire!"

chief astronomer.

"No," said the Martian expert on ter-

That we needed no powers of rhetoric, | But I must be off-so good night, dear, I dine at the club tonigh but a glance made us each under-

Let's pretend that as we grew richer, more blest with the goods of the world. That we still found each other suffi-clent, and love's banner never was

furled. Let's pretend that society lost us, that we cared nothing for her set laws. That to sit, just like this, in the darkness was sweeter than all the ap-

plause That you hear in the admiring whispers, as proudly you enter the And you know that you make a sensa-tion, that your beauty is just in full room,

Let's pretend that I'd rather be sitting right here with my arm round your

waist. Forgetting the club, and the dinner, and the hurry and crush and the haste Of the world that is waiting out yonder to engulf me as soon as I will

Drift out from these soft restful shad-ows, to the life there—that never is still. VIII.

Let's pretend that we could be together as we were in the days long ago,
That my coming could bring the old
light to your eyes in the old way

I used to love so, That you never, never could bore meno matter how often alone, That the sweetest strain in the whole wide world was the sound of your voice and tone.

Let's pretend that your beauty, not col-

der, but softer and sweeter be-That over our lives hung a halo of love. too deep and too sweet to be That the tips of your fingers could

force at once.
"At last!" At last!" the chief exclaimed. "Twelve hundred years I have lived in hopes that are realized at last! thrill me as my kiss on your lips Let me look, though I'm getting old and am nearly blind." And that life was a thing always lovebecause our ideals had been Adjusting two pairs of spectacles, the venerable Martian astronomer gazed true. into the telescope and looked long and earnestly up at the earth-which to the

But it's gone, and we cannot reclaim it, it's gone with the happier day,
And I'm afraid there is no use pretending, that is, as the children say, For you, now, are due at the Opera, and I have been wasting your

But the music you'll hear here tonight, dear, will sound like an empty rhyme. XI.

Compared to that sweeter music that was part of our life and love, Before I began pretending and you with

the throngs to move, In the great, heartless world outside there, in the midst of the glare

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